COIFFURE COPIED FROM CLASSIC GREEK MODEL

EVIDENTLY pleasing to its pretty wearer is the new coiffure in which she has accomplished a hairdress not far from the classic Greek model. She has taken a liberty with the original in introducing a puff over the ears which extends over the cheek. The ear is not quite hidden. There is more of a fringe over the forehead also than a close copy would provide for. But the puff over the ear is a modern note just now in high favor. The little fringe is admissible because to so youthful a wearer it is sure to be becoming.

The front hair must be parted off and waved in loose waves for this hairdress and it is not a bad idea to

wave all the hair a little. This may be done well enough for the back hair by dampening a little and braiding it close to the head in two strands. Wear the hair this way over night, or until it has dried thoroughly while braided. Then comb it out and it will stay in wave.

The front hair is parted off at each side to form the puff. The remainder is parted in the middle and brought back to the knot, leaving it very loose and soft looking.

The puff is the only portion of the coiffure that there may be some difficulty in managing. It takes a considerable amount of hair to make it full and soft and yet firm enough to retain its shape. It is not difficult to roll in a little extra hair. The easiest way is to use a pinned on puff if the natural hair is thin.

Where the part shows in this coiffure a small side comb would better be placed, or a short band of narrow velvet ribbon used to conceal it.

The hair is soft, without supports in this coiffure and admits the wearing of close-fitting hats—if not too close-fitting.

If there is a scanty supply of natural hair, twist in a short switch with it to form the knot at the back. This is a beautiful coiffure and really suited to women of any age—below seventy, we will say.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

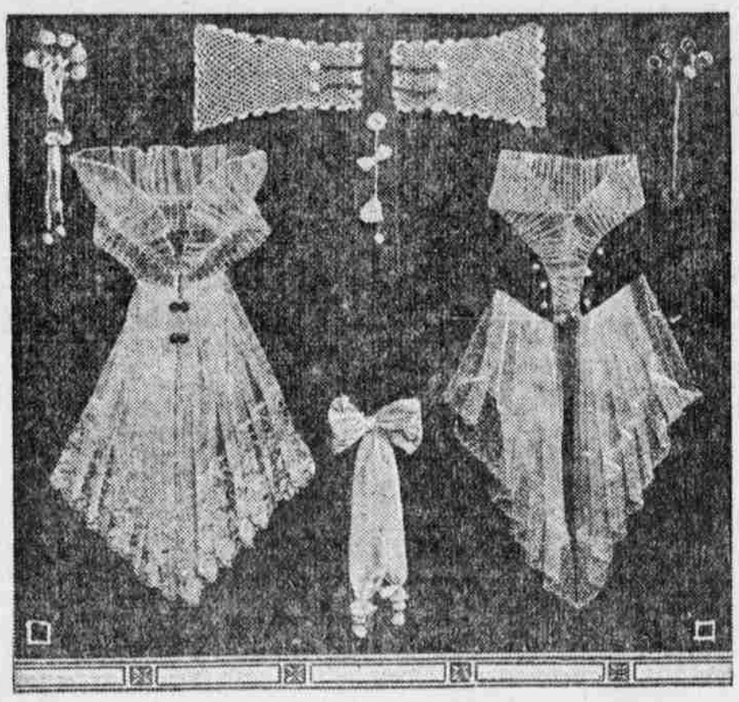
In Velvet and Steel.

In the latest expression the coquettish neck bow is a cute little affair in black velvet ribbon edged at both sides with tiny steel beads and centered with a tiny design in the beads or with a little steel buckle. Some of the bows are of inch-wide velvet ribbon, formed into four loops and lacking ends. But others are composed only of seven or eight ends radiating from a steel circlet. The metal edging prevents the narrow velvet from curling or twisting, and although the beads are tiny to attach them is easy. Moreover, the use of steel on neckwear is rather a novel fashion, and that is what the average woman is looking for.

The Suspender Girl.

The shirtwaist girl is now going in for suspenders, but they are a glorified vision of the idea which she has stolen from her brother's wardrobe. In fact, so glorious are they that it seems a pity that they must be covered by the middy blouse which she wears with her tennis and golfing skirt. The straps are of dull gold or silver lace supplemented by jeweled chains that hang from each shoulder and in front fasten under a golden horseshoe with a scarab-set center.

Most Fashionable of the Season's Neckpieces



STANDING ruches are quite the thing just now and will be for some time to come. Most of them are provided with fine wire supports at the back to hold them up, but fall as they will at the sides and front. It is a fad to leave the throat uncovered or veiled lightly with net or lace provided in these ruffs.

Nearly all of them are made to be laundered conveniently; if not in one piece, then in such a way that the washable portion may be easily taken away from its support and put back after its cleaning. These ruffs are worn in coats or under them, under furs, marabout and jackets. They protect both the neck and the coat.

When designed to be worn under an outer garment they are often finished with a jabot. Two examples of this design are shown in the picture. In one of them (at the left) the ruff is sewed to a band of insertion of shadow lace and is wired at the back in two places. A jabot of net edged with shadow lace is plaited on at the front. A pretty finishing touch is provided by four tiny satin-covered buttons on the jabot. The piece is fastened at the front with a brooch or bar pin.

In the second ruff the lace plaiting (which is sewed into a very narrow band of fine muslin) is basted to a supporting collar of black satin. It is finished with little buttons of white satin.

The standing ruff is not to be considered by the woman whose neck and face are thin or scrawny. Fine net in high collars and chemisettes will do wonders for her, but the standing ruff will detract rather than add something toward her good looks.

A pretty crocheted neckpiece is intended for a slender neck. It is made of two shaped bands boned or wired at the back and sewed to a piece of velvet ribbon at the front. Baby velvet ribbon, matching the wider ribbon used forms two little crossbars at the front. They are finished with small buttons of crochet. A little rose, two leaves and a pendant fuchsia blossom, all in crochet, are sewed to the velvet ribbon at the front. This is one of the prettiest of the new designs and is most durable. In fact, it will last for years. Anyone familiar with crochet can make it.

Three small fads of the hour made of silk or ribbon are shown in the picture. One of them is a bow of silk crepe de chine. The silk is cut in bias strips three or four inches wide, which are made into plain folds slip-stitched along the edges together. A small cravat bow, two hanging ends finished with little balls covered with the crepe, make up this charming garniture for the neck.

The other two pieces are made of very narrow folds of silk fashioned with little flower forms and hanging ends. In one of them fine strands (each supporting a tiny rose made of the same silk fold) are braided together. Three of these stranda are finished with little silk balls matching them in color. Half way of the length of the pendant ends they are fastened together with three little silk roses like those at the top. Two strands are cut off at this point, leaving three pendant.

Silk in three colors is used in making this pretty trifle of elegant neckwear. Three strands are made of one color (blue, for instance), a fourth of pink and a fifth of light green. But any combination that pleases the maker may of course be substituted for the colors mentioned.

The other little piece is also made of narrow folds in three contrasting colors. Strong colors, as sapphire blue, emerald green and carnation red, are used for this piece. Small "button roses" of silk make (in a group) a sort of brooch at the top. The three pendants are finished with little circles made by gathering the silk folds on one edge.

There is nothing more appropriate for a Christmas gift than any one of these neckpieces. The small ones require scraps of bright silk and careful workmanship in making. The ruffs of net and lace are easier to make.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

ALL THERE WAS TO IT

By GRACE KERRIGAN.

When Miss Lizzie Carford entered upon her duties as stenographer and typewriter with Ames & Co. she didn't look for any social side of it. There couldn't be any in a business office. She would ask for the respect that is due any girl or woman, no matter whether she has money and social standing or must earn her living.

Ames & Co. were middle-aged men and both married. Both were workers, and both quiet men. They had a small business, but a paying one, and their bookkeeper was also their cashier. He was a young man of twenty-four, and the newcomer was not favorably impressed with him. It is none of the stenographer's business whether the bookkeeper in his den is young or old—good-looking or ugly—social or surly. Neither Mr. Adams nor his partner were good at dictating, and they put the work off on the bookkeeper. Again, they would be the only occupants of the business for hours at a time, and if he was surly and gruff it would make things lonesome.

Mr. Watler Bardsley, the said bookkeeper, was in his den when Miss Carford called and was hired. There had not been a girl in that office in the five years he had been there, but he never turned from his desk to look. She had a pleasant voice, but he didn't seem to hear it. After she had gone, and he was told by Ames that she was to take the place, his only comment was: "Very well, sir."

She was waiting for him next morning when he arrived.

Mr. Bardsley did not bow. He did not introduce himself. He did not look at her.

He picked up the morning mail and carried it into his den and the girl was left for half an hour to twiddle her thumbs. Then he came out and sat down by the machine and started off with:

"Mr. H. O. Wharton—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 9th inst. at hand."

Miss Lizzie picked up pad and pencil and wrote. There were five letters in all. He never paused to say "comma," "period" or "paragraph," but drove straight ahead, and when finished got up without a word and went back to his den. She typed the letters and laid them on the desk and when Mr. Ames came in they were signed and sent out to be mailed.

"Very well done," said Mr. Ames, and that's all there was to it.

At noon Mr. Bardsley went out to lunch.

When he had disappeared Miss Lizzie went out to lunch. She was back first, and when he came in she did not look at him nor he at her. He could have said: "Nice day, Miss Carford?"

And she could have answered: "Yes, very nice."

But he didn't say and she didn't say.

From her place by the machine she could look into the bookkeeper's den and she his back—always his back. After she had surveyed that back for three mortal hours, and could have drawn a war-map of every line and wrinkle, she turned and looked out upon the roof of the adjoining building. There was a clothes-line stretched across it, and on that line hung an old red flannel shirt. It flapped in the breeze. It fluttered like a wounded bird. There were moments when it almost ceased to breathe, as it were.

That shirt when new was a blood-red in color. It was now faded to the color of an old brick house in Tarrytown—the one where General Washington once stopped after licking the British to ask the owner for the temporary loan of his boot-jack. The shirt had four patches on it to cover four holes. The buttons were missing and with increasing age it had shrunk. What was the romance—what the mystery of the old red shirt?

"Why, I thought you'd gone."

It was the voice of Mr. Ames at her elbow. The girl had fallen asleep. The bookkeeper had departed without awakening her. Wasn't that the trick of a mean man?

Each day for the next month was like every other day. Outside of the dictation not ten words passed between the stenographer and the bookkeeper. They came and went without noticing each other. It vexed and annoyed her for the first week and then she said to herself:

"He's probably mad because some one he recommended wasn't taken on instead of me, but if he thinks he'll get rid of me by playing the bear he'll find himself mistaken. I'm real glad to find one man in the city who isn't smirking around and bragging how smart he is!"

Then a son of Mr. Ames' partner came home on his vacation from college. He was a very fresh young man. He wanted to be a high roller but his father was tight with money matters. He hung about the office a good deal, though neither the bookkeeper nor the stenographer was more than barely civil to him.

At the end of a week, Miss Lizzie noticed that the two partners were anxious and perturbed and held consultations. Some excitement also seemed to have got hold of the bookkeeper. There were three days of this, and then he disappeared and Mr. Ames took his place. It wasn't for the girl to ask why, but she naturally wondered over it. The routine continued about the same. At noon all went to lunch. The door of the bookkeeper's den, in which was the safe, was locked at such times.

At noon one day, instead of going out to lunch, the stenographer munched a big apple and buried her nose in a book she had brought down. A quarter of an hour had passed when the door briskly opened and the fresh young man entered. He looked towards the den but not around the room. When he was sure no one was inside he produced a key and entered the den. He was inside not over two minutes, and when he reappeared he was stuffing greenbacks into his pockets. He locked the door behind him and then passed out of the office without having glimpsed the watcher.

For a moment the girl reasoned that he was the son of the partner, and had a right to go and come. Then she scented something wrong and put on her hat and hurried down to the street. The young man was just entering an auto in which sat waiting another young man.

"Get it?" queried the latter.

"You bet!"

"How much?"

"Two hundred!"

"Bully! We'll have a devil of a time!"

The stenographer was in the office when Mr. Ames returned from his lunch. He smiled amiably and passed into the den, but a moment later reappeared, white-faced and trembling. He looked at the girl and tried to speak, but could only stammer.

"Have you missed some money?" she asked.

"Y-yes!"

"How much?"

"Two hundred dollars! I counted it out just before going to lunch. Were you out to lunch?"

"Not today."

"Then—then—"

"Then I saw it taken! Had you missed money before?"

"Three times. Didn't you know that was why we turned away Mr. Bardsley? We couldn't say he embezzled it but we were forced to suspect."

"As that son of your partner took the money today he probably took the others. He has a key to the den. I sat right over there and saw him operate."

The partner was called in and informed of what had occurred, and together the two men took up the chase. The young man was run down and he made no denials. In fact, he laid the blame all on his father.

Miss Lizzie took the half-day off. In going home she saw Mr. Bardsley in a doorway. He looked at her but did not bow. She walked straight up to him and said: "You are the biggest cad and snob in the state, but you come along with me!"

He followed her to her home without asking a question, and when they were seated she asked: "Were you miffed because they gave me the place?"

"Why, I was glad of it!" he exclaimed.

"But you never spoke to me."

"You didn't ask me to lunch."

"I—I dasn't!"

"I was afraid you'd snub me!"

"Couldn't you have given me a good morning?"

"I wanted to awful bad, but—but—"

Mr. Bardsley dared not look her in the face. He was blushing like a maiden over a marriage proposal. He was fumbling his hands—and moving his feet as if he would run away.

"I see," mused the girl as she studied him. "I have found a shy man—the only one in the world! That changes everything. You will get your place back, and in time—if you are not too shy—"

And in time she became the wife of a shy man, and he was not exhibited at a museum.

FORCED TO DECLINE OFFER

Distinguished Professor Must Have Thought He Was a Victim of Leap Year.

An undergraduate at Balliol having fallen ill, his sister came to nurse him, and the master of Balliol paying many visits to the young man's rooms frequently met the sister. There were numerous other visitors during the patient's convalescence, and the young lady was greatly attracted by, and finally became engaged to, one of her brother's friends

When her brother recovered and the young lady was about to depart the master came to say "Good-by." She thanked him warmly for his kindness to her brother, and concluded by saying that she had a great favor to ask of him. The master said that he would be delighted.

Without thinking that her remark was capable of two interpretations, she replied at once, "I should like you to marry me," meaning that he would officiate at the ceremony.

The master, in a state of great agitation, hurried from the room, exclaiming, "My dear young lady, it would be utter misery for both of us!"—London Answers.

Waitress Had Not Aged.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipperd into a restaurant between bars for a bit to eat. He ordered. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted he did some waiting, too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him, he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"—Everybody's Magazine.

OUT-OF-ORDINARY PEOPLE

FEARS NAVY SHORTAGE OF TORPEDOES

"The lack of torpedoes for our fleet practically places the vessels of the United States navy at the mercy of any foe that might attack them. The navy has today not more than 700 torpedoes—the sinews of war that Japan employed to wipe out the fleets of Russia and China. This means that we have only torpedoes enough to fire two shots each from the 463 torpedo tubes of our warships. If these first shots did not destroy the enemy, our destroyers, submarines and torpedo boats might just as well never have been built."

This was the astounding condition revealed the other day by Congressman Fred A. Britten of Chicago. Mr. Britten, who fathered a bill for an appropriation of $7,000,000 for a government steel armor plant, also made the statement that the three steel armor producing companies of this country have mulcted the government to the amount of $77,000,000 and, despite affidavits denying any working agreement or conspiracy, they each recently submitted a bid of $454 a ton for armor plate for battleship No. 39, now under construction in the Brooklyn navy yard. That bid has been rejected by Secretary Daniels of the navy department.

KAID MAC LEAN, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

The announcement of the engagement of Kaid Sir Harry Aubrey MacLean to Miss Ella Prendergast, daughter of the late Gen. Sir Henry Prendergast, V. C., recalls the exploits of the Scottish chieftain in the Moorish empire. Soldier of fortune and adventurer of the best type, his career has been as spectacular as it has been glorious.

Forty years ago Harry Aubrey de Vere MacLean was an officer in her majesty's Sixty-ninth regiment of foot, poor, but with the best blood of his race, but he was unable to go the pace with his brother officers, so eventually he resigned his commission and went to Tangier.

He went to see the sultan of Morocco, Moulai Hassan, a grim old warrior, strong enough for himself, but worried about the succession of his heir, a puny, weak boy. There were pretenders to the throne who were waiting for the old sultan to die to place force behind their claims, and take the throne by force of arms.

MacLean proposed himself to Moulai Hassan as a commander and military instructor for the imperial bodyguard, who should be equipped with modern weapons. His proposal was accepted and MacLean soon knocked his 1,000 fighting men into good shape.

MacLean devoted himself for the next few years to putting down brigands and preserving order. Then the sultain died, and there was an insurrection when the weak son, Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, was put on the throne. MacLean put this down sharply, as he did several subsequent uprisings.

TO PENETRATE CONGO JUNGLES

No American woman, however strenuous, rivals the duchess of Aosta when it comes to delight in varied and dangerous undertakings. Just as present she is preparing to quit civilization for six or seven months, which she will spend in African jungles hunting big game. Her only companion will be a native boy whom she brought back to her home in Naples three years ago from Africa. She will penetrate into the wilderness with this dusky youth as her guide. Only such baggage will be taken along as the boy can carry on his back. The costume of the intrepid and novelty-loving duchess will consist of leather breeches and a rough shooting coat, with which she will wear heavy top boots of strong leather, made especially for tramping in the forests. She has not explained, even to her family, all the details of her undertaking, as she declares that she herself does not know them. She fully intends, however, to penetrate far into the equatorial district and to fraternize with the natives.

"LITTLE BOBS," IDOL OF ENGLAND

Since the days of Nelson there has been no hero in England who has taken a stronger hold upon the popular fancy than the little man whose official title on the rolls of the British army is the Right Hon. Frederick, Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford. But that is not the way that clerks and cab drivers, farmers and shopkeepers all over England know him. To them he is simply "Bobs," the finest little fighting man in the service.

For Lord Roberts, in addition to being a superb tactician and a military genius, is intensely human. He has a real, live, flesh and blood interest in the men who fight for him. They are something more to him than cannon fodder, and the "Tommies" know it, and the folks back in England know it, too. Returning to England once with a detachment of troops, Roberts amazed the newspaper reporters by emerging from a third-class railway carriage. He was surrounded by the eager news gatherers.

"What's good enough for my men is good enough for me," he told the newspaper men, and showed distinct annoyance when the matter was made much of.

Lord Roberts won his spurs during the Sepoy rebellion. He had gone out to India as a lieutenant, a serious matter in those days, when a commission in her majesty's Indian army meant ten years' exile from England at the very least. A year after Roberts reached India the mutiny began. His was a baptism of fire and blood; he served with Nicholson, took a distinguished part in the siege of Delhi and before the mutiny was over had won the Victoria Cross, the greatest honor which can come to a soldier.

A time expired soldier told it all in a sentence once:

"Little Bobs looks after yer grub and treats ye like a 'uman Christian."